

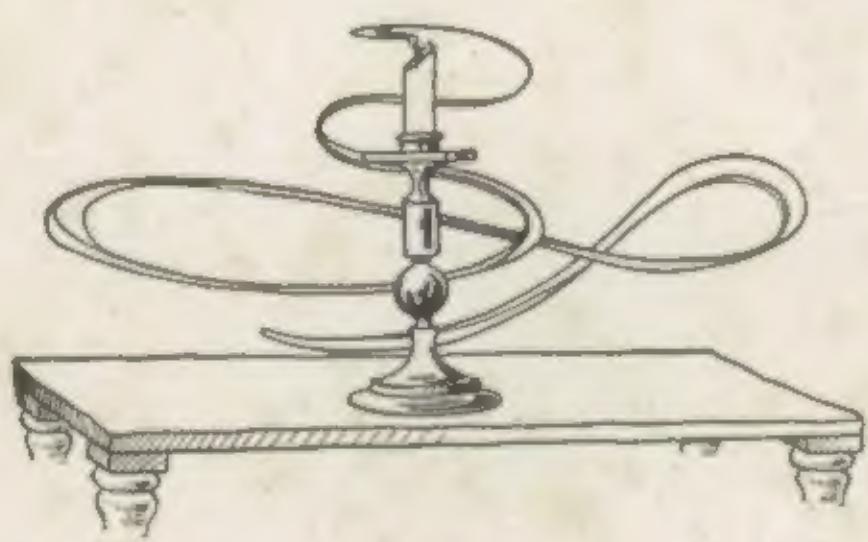
CALENDAR
1916

3-05

KALENDAR

VOLUME VIII

PARK CITY
HIGH SCHOOL
PARK CITY
TENN.



Published by
The Senior Class of 1916

We wish to express our sincere appreciation to all who have contributed either by donation or by advertisements, without which it would have been impossible to have published the "Kalendar."

The list of those donating is as follows:

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Senior Class

Sophomores

The Faculty



Foreword
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Class Song
Class History
Class Poem
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Sub-Freshmen
Literature
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Publications
Odds and Ends
Jokes
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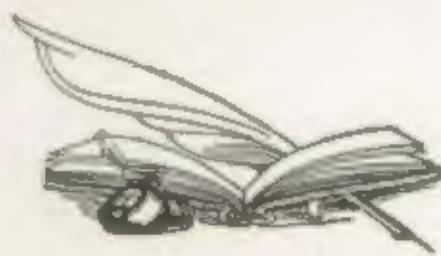


Foreword

It has been our intention, in publishing this volume of the Kalendar, to present a true picture of our school.

This volume is nothing pretentious, the work herein is solely the work of the pupils.

A high school annual should chronicle only what is characteristic and representative, that, in years to come, the memories of our school days may be the fresher and sweeter.



'16 KALENDAR



16
KALENDAR'S
10'20

To
Prof. J. A. Lowry,
Mrs. N. M. Comfort,
Mrs. Martha Baker
Miss Debbie Fielden
We
the Senior Class
of 1916
lovingly
dedicate
this volume
of the
Kalendar.

'16
KALENDAR

AB '30





Board of Education

Ed McLemore, President

Chas. H. Blake, Secretary and Treasurer

W. A. Clark

J. M. Burkhart

E. S. Lotspeich

KALENDAR '16





Faculty

Mrs. N. M. Comfort, Principal

Miss Clara Duncan, Latin

Miss Elizabeth Skaggs, Science

Miss Virginia LeNoir, English

Miss Anna Bell Mullicoat, German

Miss Elizabeth McIlwaine, History

Mrs. R. A. Freeman, Domestic Science

Prof. M. R. Sellers, Mathematics

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No. 1 Miss LeNoir
No. 2 Mr. Setters
No. 3 Miss Duncan
No. 4 Miss Mallicoat

No. 5 Mrs. Comfort
No. 6 Miss Mellwaine
No. 7 Mrs. Freeman
No. 8 Miss Skaggs



To Park City High School

We've drunk from this fountain of knowledge,
We have leaned and clung to its brim,
Its stream now bears us to college,
And the wondrous store-house within.

Though unknown and fateful our future,
Though our castles be built in vain,
Its thought-giving pleasures and nurture
Our mem'ry will always retain.

Memories pleasant and sweet are clinging
As we turn to depart from its brink,
But in our hearts it is kindling
The desire for more knowledge to drink.

If heroically we win in life's battles
With it always we'll share our fame,
But if we should lose in the struggle
We shall silently take the blame.

—Gertrude Licht, '16.



Commencement Program

May 25th, 1916, 8:00 p. m.

Orchestra

Invocation	Rev. W. S. Thomas
Salutatory	Olive Watson
Violin Solo	Esther Cantrell
Declamation	Theodore Drake
Duet	Misses Nanney and Licht
Address	Prof. Harry Clark
Chorus	High School
Valedictory	Mattie Trotter
Delivery of Diplomas, By President of Board of Education,							
Mr. E. L. McLemore							
Benediction	Rev. Reagan



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Class Day Program

Class Song	Class
Address	President
		J. Frank Brumback						
Class History	Historian
		Thelma Horne						
Class Poem	Poet
Presentation of Gifts	Giftoriant
		Estelle Murray						
Class Prophecy	Prophet
		Reba Baker						
Class Play	Yell

SENIOR





Seniors

Motto: To live, to love, to laugh, to learn.

Colors: Green and Gold

Frank Brumback	President
Dewey Wylie	Vice-President
Lily Bell Miller	Secretary
Janie Davis	Treasurer
Mattie Trotter	Editor
Reba Baker	Prophet
Thelma Horne	Historian
Estelle Murray	Gistorian

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KALENDAR



FRANK BRUMBACK
President

"Here we see a cavalier
Of dashing grace and countenance
gaily,
A well-rid hero sans all fear,
The girls all love him, so they say."

JANIE DAVIS
Treasurer

"A miniature of sweetness, genius
and neatness."



16
KALENDAR



DEWEY WYLIE
Vice-President

"Intellect, talent, genius, like murder, will out."

LILY BELL MILLER
Secretary

"She smiles and smiles and will not sigh."





16
KALENDAR

NEIL BROOKS

"Men of few words are the best men."

MATTIE TROTTER
Class Editor
Valedictorian

"There was a soft and pensive grace,
a cast of thought on her sweet face."



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MARY SUE NANNEY

"If I am not so large as you
You are not so small as I,
And not half so spry."

DAVID CARROLL HOLMES
Business Manager
Kaledar

"None but himself can be his
parallel."



16
KALENDAR



SPENCER ACUFF

"My thoughts are my own companions."

GERTRUDE LICHT

"Her air, her manner, all who saw
admired."



'16
KALENDAR



EMERT TATE

"Good nature is one of the richest fruits of christianity."

ESTELLE MURRAY
Giftorian

"She's all my fancy painted her,
she's lovely, she's divine."





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HELEN R. RILEY
Art Editor

"Bid her discourse, she will enchant
thine ear."

OLIVE WATSON
Salutatorian
Editor-in-Chief
Kalendar

"Kind hearts are more than coronets
and simple faith than Norman blood."



'16
KALENDAR



THELMA HORNE
Historian

"If to her lot some feminine errors
fall,
Look on her face and you will forget
them all."

HERMAN SCHUBERT

"One of the best uses of originality is
to say
Common things in an uncommon way."



16
KALENDAR



VERNE DUKES

"Silence is the most perfect herald
of joy."

RUBY HARRISON

"And those who paint her truest,
praise her most."



16
KALENDAR



FANNIE McSPADDEN

"Her air so modest, her aspect so
meek,
Yet so sweet are her charms."

ESTHER CANTRELL
Class Musician

"So wise, so young, they say."



'16
KALENDAR



REBA BAKER
Class Prophet

"Frail and gentle and small,
But well beloved by all."

THEODORE DRAKE
Orator

"Laugh, and he laughs with you;
Weep, and you weep alone.
Talk, and you will always be answered
By this human graphaphone."



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Modso.

Esther Contrell

The musical score is a handwritten composition for three voices (Soprano, Alto, Bass) in common time. It features eight staves of music, divided into four systems by vertical bar lines. The notation includes various note heads and stems, typical of early printed music notation. The score is titled "Modso." and attributed to "Esther Contrell".



Senior Song

Eleven years we've struggled through,
All idleness we've tried to spurn,
And to our motto we've been true
To live, to laugh, to love, to learn.

CHORUS:

On we go with colors bright
Sure of vict'ry in the fight,
When the Mareehal Ni'l we see,
Sweet sixteen we think of thee.

Our high school life is past and gone,
The future beckons ever on,
Unfurl our banner gold and green
For duty calls the class sixteen.

CHORUS:

Our work has not been done in vain
Its worth the coming years will show,
And when we've gained honor and fame
To P. C. H. S. our thoughts will go.

CHORUS:

—Esther B. Cantrell.



Senior Class History

On September the eleventh, nineteen hundred twelve, about fifty energetic boys and girls assembled in the High School Study Hall to begin their four year pilgrimage.

To us, our first year was a very important one. Mrs. Comfort was chosen as principal and her dignified presence awed us into subjection. Although we were supposed to be green and unsophisticated, we were treated in a friendly manner by our superiors.

Time passed all too quickly and vacation had come and gone. We were back in school as Sophomores, but alas! Our number had diminished. We had lost several of our most diligent students. Still we were not discouraged and we plodded diligently on making a brilliant record as Sophomores.

Again vacation had passed and we had come back to school, Juniors! Real live Juniors! We felt very important this year because it was the first time that we had taken any active part in school affairs. We entertained the Seniors with a party and gave two plays from which large sums of money were cleared. We were very glad to help the Seniors in every possible way and we decorated the study hall in green and white for their commencement.

How our hearts beat when next September came! At last we were Seniors and there were twenty-two in the class. We were very proud, because this was the largest class that had ever graduated from Park City High School.

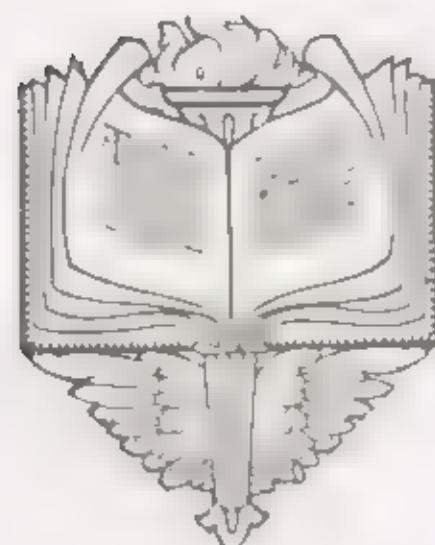
On September twenty-seventh, the Senior Class held a meeting and elected Frank Brumback president, Dewey Wylie, vice-president, Lily Bell Miller, Secretary, and Janie Davis, Treasurer. Green and Gold were chosen as our class colors, and we chose the Marechal Niel Rose as our class flower. For our motto we decided upon, "to live, to laugh, to love, to learn."



We do not claim many honors or privileges as Seniors, but of course we are the best class that has ever graduated from Park City High School.

While we have lingered, we have at last reached the goal. Shouts of farewell greet us on every hand and with sincere regret we take leave of our esteemed faculty and finally, with tear-dimmed eyes, of dear old Park City High School.

—Thelma Horne, '16.





Senior Motto

(Class Poem)

To live just the kindest and happiest lives,
That we could possibly dream of;
Lives that will brighten and cheer the way
Of all whom we know and love.

To laugh away tears and to laugh away sorrow;
To lighten all cares with a smile;
To welcome the coming of every day,
Just singing and laughing the while.

To love what is noblest and best, in life;
The things that are good and true;
To love what we find in this good old world,
As we are passing through.

To learn all the lessons by experience taught;
To profit by our mistakes,
To double the talents intrusted to us,
A success of our lives to make.

—Mattie Trotter, '16.

KALENDAR '16

Senior Kicks



Spenceer—"I can't get my feet under this desk."

Emert—"They moved Lily Bell."

Janie—"I don't see why they want to have commencement at the Park."

Thelma—"Verne pays too much attention to Olive."

Gertrude—"My hair won't stay up."

Verne—"They took me off the privilege list."

Mattie—"Why doesn't this class do something?"

Theodore—"They won't let us have a base ball team."

Dewey—"I won't be bossed by a woman."

Olive—"They all pick on me."

Lily Bell—"Hush, let me say a word."

Helen—"No one will translate my latin for me."

Herman—"I can't go home to my mama, Miss LeNoir wants me."

Carroll—"Miss LeNoir won't send me out of class."

Frank—"They won't let us have a class meeting."

Mary Sue—"They won't stop teasing Mary."

KALENDAR '16

Juniors



16 KALENDARIS





Juniors

Color: Yellow and White

Flower: Daisy

Motto: Vive, ride, et discere

CLASS OFFICERS

Dewey Peters	President
Roy Biddle	Vice-President
Jane Sowers	Secretary and Treasurer
Mildred Cash	Editor

CHAMPION CLASS TEAMS (Girls)

Baker (Mgr.)	Forward
Graham	Forward
Sowers	Center
Ryno	Guard
Cash (Cap't)	Guard

(Boys)

Copeland (Cap't)	Forward
Northington	Forward
Montgomery (Mgr.)	Center
Peters	Guard
Biddle	Guard



Roll

Clarice Ayres

Elizabeth Baker

Roy Biddle

Mary Blair

Louvetta Bunch

Ella Cates

Mildred Cash

Cecil Copeland

Edna Copeland

Thelma Lee Essary

Clifford Galyon

Lynn Ghormley

Mary Graham

Althea Henson

Mattie Harris

Clarence Jett

Oscar Krahenbuehl

Mertie Melton

James Montgomery

Sue Ona Oglesby

Dewey Peters

Marie Parrott

Marion Ryno

Anna Lee Roberts

Victor Sandstrom

Helen Shepherd

Jane Sowers

Sam Trotter

Eleanor Thielen

Ruth White

Marjorie Woods

Yell

Twenty minus three

Twenty minus three

Seventeen, seventeen,

By Jim-in-nee.

M. C., '17.



Sophomore

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KALENDAR





Sophomores

Wayne Parkey	President
Hattie Harper	Vice-President
John Northington	Sec. and Treas.
Whitney McElroy	Editor
Colors: Pink and White	Flower: Pink Carnation

Motto: "Keep on keeping on."

ROLL

Earle Biddle	Hazel Danee
William Irwin	Nell Hunter
Fred Chandler	Marguerite Denton
John Northington	Edna Neubert
Ellison Wight	Mayme Scarlett
Wayne Parkey	Margaret Giddeon
Donald Deford	Zelma Shelby
Frank Haynes	Cornelia Mellen
Whitney McElroy	Ora Miller
Hattie Potts	Louise Tate
Mary Monday	Pearl Lay
Emma Lyons	Hattie Harper
Mora Dewease	Geneva Denton
Kattie Blaine	



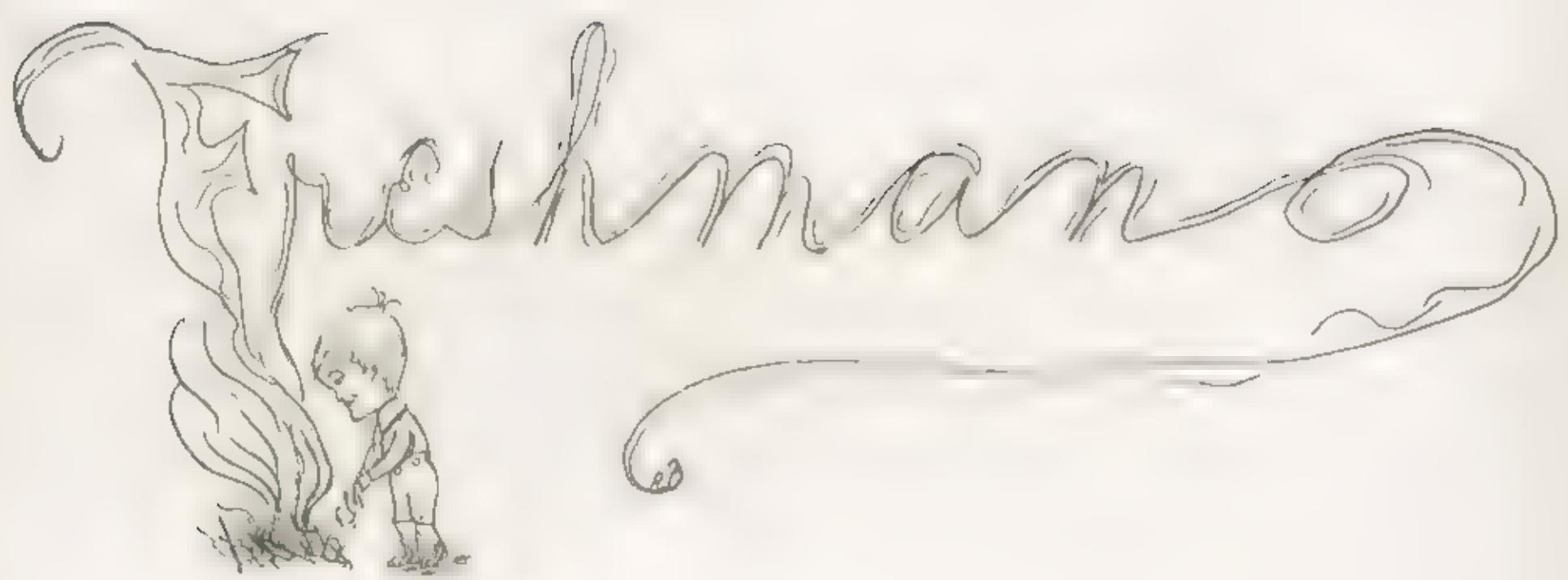
IN MEMORIAM

Cecil Carlyle Powers

Born April 17, 1898

Died May 26, 1915

KALENDAR '66



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'16
KALENDAR'S





Freshmen

Bert Stalsworth	President
Brnee Farris	Vice-President
Paulita Wylie	Secretary and Treasurer
James Comfort	Editor

Motto: "Highest Ever, Lowest Never."

Colors: Lavender and White.

Flower: Sweet Pea.

ROLL.

Irene Ballew	Kenneth Bull
Mildred Brumback	Maude Byerly
Nina Bull	Mary Ruth Coons
Elizabeth Burkey	James Comfort
Lena Carson	Roland Cagle
Isabella Cook	Ray Claiborne
Rebecca Dodson	Harold Dick
Marguerite Drummond	Fred Davis
Julia Dupee	Helen Davis
Ray Ekel	Irene Drummond
Bernice Green	Mary Francis Ewell
Pearl Lay	Julia Ekel
Annie Parrott	Bonnie Fowler
Audley Sealf	Marion Grey
Opal Smithee	Edith Gilham
Gladys Snyder	Ruby Hodges
Alice Webster	Irene Johnston
Claude Black	Gray Kennedy
Conley Clark	George Mason
Walter Taylor	Ellen Miller
Robert Lee Bowman	Mayme Mullins
Mildred Brumfiel	John McReynolds
Leila Simpson	Iva McNelly
Paulita Wylie	Willia McLemore
Charles Williams	Basil Needham
Raymont Price	Ethel Rich
Paul Bales	Helen Scott
Francis Blessing	Fred Scott



The Fish of Sixteen

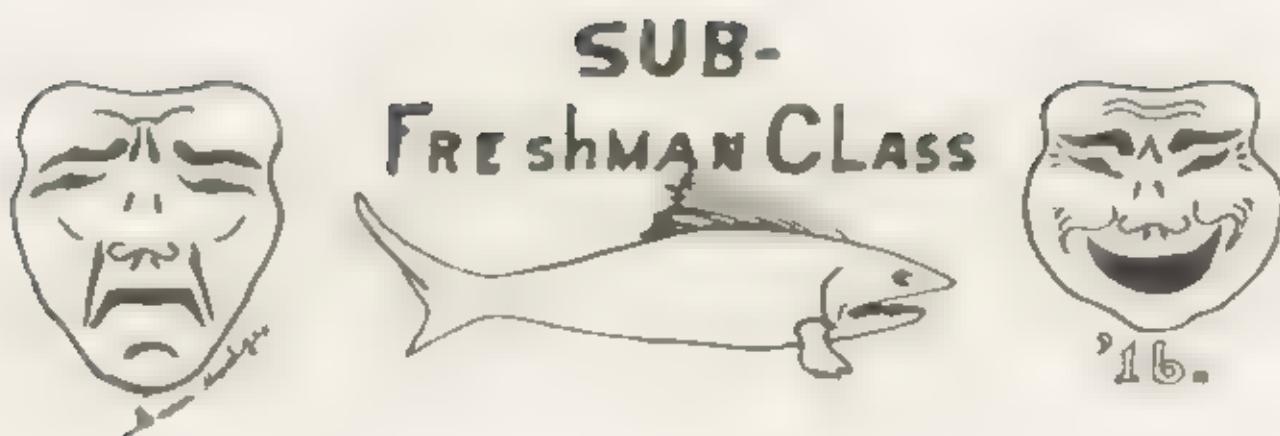
O, here's the Fish of one and six,
And we're bound for the "Hall of Fame."
We have our fun when lessons are done,
But "Grind" is not our name.

We're good at "Math," this Freshman class,
And Science—well, I guess
We could dissect, without a defect,
If we had a chance to try.

Yes, here's the Fish of one and six,
The honors still to claim;
Our colors are bright, our motto is right,
So we're sure to make a name.

J. C., '19.

KALENDAR '16



SUB-
FRESHMAN CLASS

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First B

Eugene Dearing President

Elizabeth Thielen Vice-President

Helen Holmes Secretary and Treasurer

Sam Hodges Editor

Motto: Execlsior.

Flower: Pansy.

Colors: Black and Gold.

Evelyn Angel

Oscar Carrier

Ishmael Roth

Mary Nell Armstrong

Lamier Clark

Hugh Shepherd

Leeta Brewer

John Davis

Henry Slappy

Grace Carmichael

Albert Cleveland

Hubert Vineyard

Elizabeth Collete

Otis Cunningham

Eugene Wright

Love Connor

Eugene Dearing

Lena Graham

Rosa Coppock

T. Aubrey Frye

Flossie Hamilton

Bernice Cunningham

Bernard Harris

Helen Holmes

Eleanor Darlington

Sam Hodges

Rena B. Kennedy

Edith Davis

Joe Horne

Helen Nighbert

Mary Ella Fielden

James Howard

Irene Prater

Fannie Fielden

Mearl Kirby

Margaret Ross

Ruada Gregg

David Lieht

Elizabeth Thielen

Jerushia Gregg

Frank Mankle

Margaret Wiggins

John Armstrong

Carroll McCall

Ruth Wilson

Wallace Brooks

William McCorkle

Gertrude Waddington

Callis Burns

Julian Martin

Willia Compton

Cecil Carr

Lee Newman

Eula Rhyne

John Caldwell

Clarence Petty

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KALENDAR

LITERARY





Benny's Adventure

(First Prize Story).

All his friends looked upon Benny with awe. Though they had always known that he was the bravest boy among them, yet they could scarcely believe their ears, when his last daring deed was announced. It was simply unbelievable that anyone, even Benny, could consent to sleep in Mason's haunted house, at any time; but especially on that night, the thirteenth anniversary of the great tragedy occurring there.

They feared Benny did not fully understand what he was about to do. Therefore they urged him to go to Gran'pa Franklin, down the street, and let him tell the story, in all its terrible weirdness. But Benny was determined, and nothing could move him. With a superior smile on his face, he listened as Gran'pa Franklin told how, thirteen years before, on just such a day as this, old Mr. Mason and his closest friend had quarreled; how Mason in a rage had killed his friend, had hidden him in the cupboard, and started to run away; but, suddenly overcome by remorse, he had shot himself. Ever since, on hot summer nights, and sometimes in winter, at intervals two shots could be heard, and sometimes, it is said, blood was found on the floor. The house passed into the possession of a real estate company, but no one would live there more than a few days. A little while before, a family had moved in, stayed two weeks, and left in such a hurry that they left part of their household goods there.

When the other boys knew that Benny intended to make good his boast, they went with him to the old house to see if there were



anything on which he might sleep. It was broad daylight, so they dared look in the window while Benny found a cot and placed it in the room where the crime had been committed, and again, later, they escorted him as far as the gate, wondering what tales he would tell when they saw him next.

With head held high and knees only slightly shaking, Benny ascended the steps and disappeared within the house. He, too, for the first time, began to wonder if there were really such things there as had been reported. Somehow, almost anything seemed possible, as he sat there, alone in the haunted house. But such thoughts did not trouble him long, for soon he was in the land of dreams, where he met the characters of every ghost story he had ever heard.

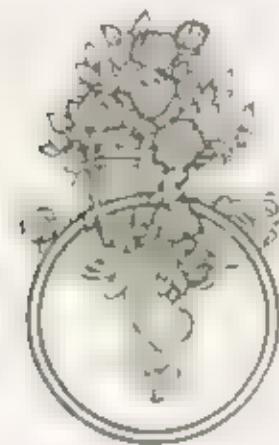
It must have been about midnight when Benny awoke in terror, and sat up in bed, listening intently. Had he heard a shot? Or was it just those terrible dreams which made him imagine it? For a long time he listened but all was still. Of course he had dreamed it, but he decided he'd light a lamp just for company. This done, he felt better, and was just dozing off to sleep, when crack! he heard the second shot. There could be no mistake. It came from the cupboard, where Mason had concealed his victim. Benny doubted no longer. As he was preparing to leave, he looked back, and his hair rose in terror. A stream of blood was running across the floor, coming from the cupboard! What was behind that door? Benny wanted to run, but he could not. He had to know all, since he had braved this much. Step by step he slowly came nearer the closet. And at each step he longed to go home as fast as he could. Almost before he knew it, his hand was on the door knob. He had never



before been so entirely terrified, but he kept on. He placed himself in a good position to run, took a long breath and opened the door. There, in neat rows, were the jars of fruit that the last family had left. Two jars of blackberries had fermented and burst. The dark juice ran all over the floor.

The next morning Benny told his friends that he had seen no ghost, and was firmly convinced that all reports were fake. But he never related his adventures of that night.

Mattie Trotter, '16.





The Senior's Jonah

Breathes there a Senior with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said :
Tomorrow at noon I will do my best,
To learn that poem the teacher requests ?

I'll learn it so well that it will ring
In my ears with a horrid ding ;
I'll learn it backwards, all by heart,
So with ease I can say it from the start.

But when at that most dreaded time
While trying to repeat the rhyme,
The suspicious teacher comes over close,
And after school you take your dose

Breathes there a Senior, I now repeat,
Who wouldn't within himself retreat,
And never to that class room go,
His scanty knowledge of poems to show ?

Lily Bell Miller, '16.



"How Dave Popped the Question"

In spite of his decision, David's heart quaked as he advanced. Suppose he should say the wrong thing! Suppose he should find callers there! Suppose—oh, suppose a hundred thousand things! He felt that it was now or never—that he could never again bring his courage to the boiling point if anything should go wrong tonight.

He was nearing the house. Through the open window floated the sound of voices. Could there be callers? From the screen of the lilies, he peered into the living room, which glowed with Polly's charming presence. No callers—it was only Polly's brother, Jack, and he doubtless would be starting for his lodge-meeting soon.

Nerving himself for the ordeal, David made a decided step toward the door, and yet, ah! how could,—But, listen! What was Polly saying? "Yes, Jack, I feel sure Dave is the better; he's so steady and trustworthy." David's heart gave a bound.

"I know, sis," answered her brother, "but Tom has so much more style and you surely can't find any serious faults in him. You could soon overcome his little unpleasant tendencies."

"Uhm!" thought David. "Unpleasant tendencies! That's putting it mildly."

Polly looked troubled, then she brightened: "Oh, well, I don't have to decide tonight, anyway."

David's backbone stiffened. "Yes, you do, little girl," he murmured, and knocked boldly.

If Polly was embarrassed at having almost been caught discussing her lovers, she concealed the fact beautifully and chatted gaily, as usual. After a few minutes Jack departed. The hour had come, and David falteringly but manfully told the story of his love. At first Polly hesitated, but finally she rewarded his insistence by a blushing, "Yes."



It was not until some weeks later that David told Polly the full history of "that night." "I had made up my mind to ask you," he said, "but if you hadn't said what you did about Tom and me, and appeared rather undecided, I am afraid my courage would have failed me."

Polly looked puzzled; then she laughed merrily. "Oh, Dave!" she whispered, "the Tom and Dave we were talking about were saddle horses. I was thinking of buying one of them." "But,"—in a lower whisper—"I'm not a bit sorry you overheard—are you?"

And Dave declared that he wasn't.





A Courageous Junior

A Junior and his girl, one day,
Were out a-larking, strange to say.
He looked into her eyes so blue,
And said, "Dear, I'd face death for you."

They were walking thus, as lovers may,
When all at once they were brought to bay,
By a bulldog's harsh, discordant bark,
Which made them both repent their lark.

"Go on, dear sweetheart," said she to him;
But "sweetheart," trembling in every limb,
Had turned to flee the tragic sight,
And leave his beloved, with no thought of flight.

Then suddenly, she made a last appeal:
"Surely," said she, "your heart is as steel;
You would face death for me, you said!"
"Yes," said our Junior, "but he isn't dead."

Emert Tate, '16.



Meny Writes Home

(Third Prize Story)

Dear Aint Gertie:

I'm riting to tell you that I am in skool now.

Skeol teachers are over-intelegent specimens uv humanity that teaches ivory-headed, noisy, chatterin' boys an' gurls—or try to. They tell them how too rite, an' spell, an' do stunts in mathermatics, an' how to talk. I think they make a mistake in tellin' them how too talk thow. They seems to know how to well now. Ef they teached them how to keep their mouths shet they'd dew better, I think.

Sum skool teachers dew the strong arm act. Our'n don't. They look mad, bat their eyes, an' leeshure too us. Sumtimes I 'magine I would ruther have the ol' method, but that's jest sumtimes thow. I don't guess they has much truble lookin' mad.

I go too skool to learn new things, so ma sez. I learn sumpthin' new every day, almost, when I'm quiet enough. The other day I learned sumpthin' that plum surprized me. I found out that our english teacher could do sumpthin' becides laugh. I couldn't understand at 1st, an' I almost got in too truble afore I noed she was mad. She tuck me by surprize. Ef she had only had a high 4 leged stool too bounce off of, I'd a got wise quickor.

Speakin' of high stools, one of our teachers has 1 of tham things in her possession, an' too see her descend from that perch when she gets peeved, would tickle a dead man. Eny-way, it tickles me, an' sum folks say I'm a dead-head. When she gets peeved she unloads from her little 4 leged throne, landin' on the floor like a ton of brick, an' you should observe the efect of said unloadin'. Kids sets up an' takes notise very prompto, I tell you. The jar of the sudden desceendin' seems too cause a internal explosun which hurls a lot o' shrapnel words our way with more or less good efect—usualy more; said aetshun causing much mirth on my part.



We've got a hemale teacher, to. Sum folks call him professor. We don't call him atall, we got too go too him when we want him. When we arrive in his den, an' set brakes with more or less noise—usualy more—his first words is, "Get easy." Be'ins I ain't takin' Latin or German, I don't know whether that means "good morning" or not, but I've got a pretty strong impressun it does not, thow. The first day I blowed into his room an' heard that order snaped out right behind me as I passed the door, I almost run over the boy in frunt o' me. I gained about 6 steps in my onward march in mathermatics an' about 6 years in my age at the same time. He never does lecture too us thow,—it's unnecessary. We go in an' "get easy" very prompto, watching him from the corners of our eyes. Ef he was a lady teacher I guess visitors would accuze us of makin' eyes at her.

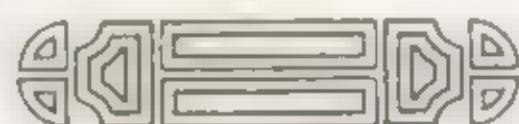
I've learned sumpthin' else, to. Things can't be "discussed" in a certain room. I learned it powerful easy, wasn't hard atall. Sumbody sed sumpthin' an' I started too say sumpthin' about it to, when the teacher informed me that "we'll not discuss that." Judgin' frum the way she looked when she sed it, I 'lowed may be we'd better not discuss ner cuss it neither while she was around.

You oughter see the hire school down here, Aint Gertie, it's made up of professors, teachers, janitors, and etc.—mostly etc. It's a powerful big consarn. You cum down here an' I'll show it ter you.

Yours trully,

Meny Porkanonions.

Sam Hodges, '20.





Aeneadae

O Juno was the queen of gods,
Who hated Troy for reasons three;
And when the Trojans did set sail
A storm arose, by her decree.

Aeneas led the Trojan band,
And when he saw the storm was near,
He stretched his palms up to the stars
And wept and wailed in greatest fear.

His fleet was scattered on the sea:
His men were swallowed by the flood;
But pious Aeneas, through it all,
Did not forget that he was good.

Then Neptune to his rescue came,
And calmed the storm without delay.
Aeneas and his storm-tossed men
Steered to a Libyan bay.

As good Aeneas roamed the woods
Behold, he met his goddess mother.
She told him Dido ruled the land,
Driven there by greedy brother.

Aeneas pressed on to the city,
As Dido came with thronging crowd,
And there he found his shipwrecked men,
Addressing the queen in voices loud.

His ships and men were all restored;
The queen his lonely heart inspired.
A happy future lay beyond —
What more than this could be desired?

Mattie Trotter, '16.



A Battle with a Knoxville Rat

One evening about seven o'clock I went to see one of my boy friends. Upon arriving at the house, I was told that he had just stepped out and would soon return; so after being requested to do so, I took a seat and awaited his return.

There was no one at home except the lady of the house and her maid. We were all sitting there talking and the maid said she had some work to do upstairs and that she would go and do it then.

She had been upstairs about ten minutes when we heard a scream which indicated there was trouble afoot. We rushed to the room and upon our arrival, we were informed of the presence of a rat.

He had taken a seemingly impregnable position in the springs of the bed and was well prepared to defend himself. The lady of the house sent by the maid for the arms with which to battle and she soon returned with a broom, a poker and a stick and we then began our campaign. First we cut off all retreats by shutting the doors and stopping up all the holes. The lady, armed with the poker, took a strategic position on the dresser. The maid, armed with the stick, began to attack the rat with great fury by punching through the springs, while I, armed with a broom, patiently awaited to thwart him on any move he might make.

The maid soon dislodged him from his position and I struck several well meant blows at him with my broom, but was unable to get his range, owing to his speedy and well planned moves.

He then went under the dresser where the lady was standing. We soon surrounded him on three sides and he was cut off in the rear by the wall. Being thus hemmed in, he used his skill in military tactics and attacked some point. This point was the maid and she soon gave way to the pressure and retreated to the



top of the bed, while the lady changed her position to a rocking chair, which nearly lost its equilibrium.

The rat retreated from the dresser to a pair of shoes and attempted to enter, but while he was doing this I landed several decisive blows with my broom which impaired his speed and after that I soon killed him by repeated blows.

The ladies then descended from their high positions and we removed our dead.

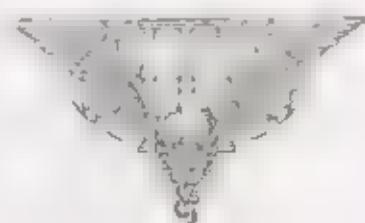
My friend came home in time for the burial.

Dewey Peters, '17.

"Tisn't life that matters,
"Tis the courage you bring to it.

—Horace Walpole.

Every day that is born into this world comes like a burst of music, and rings itself all the day through; and thou shalt make of it a dance, a dirge, or a life march, as thou wilt.—Carlyle.





Eulogy To Cecil Carlyle Powers

By Supt. J. R. Lowry.

"Leaves have their time to fall,
And flowers to wither at the north-wind's breath;
And stars to set; but all,
Thou hast all seasons for thine own, O Death!"

When a man dies in the fullness of years, his life rounded out, his work complete, it seems a natural thing; but when the career of a brilliant youth is cut short just as he is beginning to give evidence of his great possibilities, there is universal mourning. Such a death was that of Cecil Carlyle Powers; in him the community loses one of its most popular and promising young men.

This most excellent youth was a model son: loving and obedient to his parents, always kindly and affable in his home, he has left his dear ones nothing but pleasant memories of the beautiful relationship that ever existed between them. The thought of him as he was wont to move about among them, in his characteristically sunny way, must be a perpetual consolation.

But young Powers' loss is felt deeply not only in his home; by his death the Park City High School will suffer keenly; for he was one of its most commendable students. He seemed the very embodiment of all that is worth while in the modern high school boy. Possessed of strong native ability, he endeared himself to his teachers by the interest with which he pursued his studies and his attitude toward those in authority. But his interest was



by no means confined to his text-books; there was no worthy school activity in which he was not the leader. He was intensely fond of music and was the leading member of the high school glee club. Like the healthy, normal boy that he was, he was devoted to athletics; but it had to be clean athletics. And so, though a member of the Freshman class, he had the honor of being chosen captain of the baseball team. Such an honor as this is never conferred upon a youth by his mates unless he eminently deserves it. Boys are the keenest readers of character and the shrewdest judges of ability. So it goes without saying that young Ceeil Powers could not have held the position of leadership that was his in school if he had not given evidence of every fitness for it. The gap that he has left will not soon be filled.

It is not too much to say that this young man represents just that type that the modern high school strongly desires to produce: A combination of a faithful student, a beautiful character, and a mind keenly alive to everything in which a young person should be interested.

If Ceeil Powers had lived and had the opportunity to fulfill the promise of his young manhood he would certainly have become, at some future day, one of our most prominent citizens. An evidence of this is his work in the Junior Board of Commerce, of which he was an active member. The fact that he met his death while en route to a meeting of this Board is not without significance; he died while answering the call of duty, just as surely as do those European youths who are perishing upon the field of war. Nay, his death was nobler than theirs; for they blindly sacrifice their lives for the selfish cause of kings; but Ceeil Powers was a soldier in the army that fights for the common good; and he died loyal to the high ideal of service that he had formed in his boyish heart.



Best of all, this young man was a Christian. His life, with its many-sidedness for one so young, is a complete refutation of an erroneous impression that is far too general among young people:—the idea that for a boy to take a deep interest in religion makes him as effeminate and unfit to cope with his more sturdy fellows. Cecil Powers was too good a judge of values to fall into any such mistaken way of thinking. He was a consistent member of the Fifth Presbyterian Church and an earnest attendant most all his life in the Sabbath School.

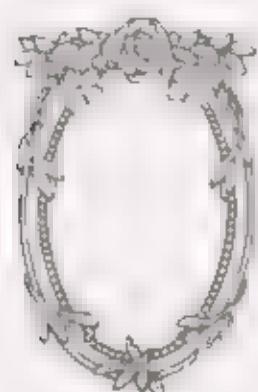
The Home, the Church, and the School,—these were the three influences to which young Powers gladly subjected himself. These were the forces that he deliberately chose to mold his character. They furnished him the discipline, the training and the culture that made him what he was. A model son, an ideal student, an earnest Christian—what more could any young man wish to be?

After the fatal accident, when it was ascertained that serious internal injuries had been sustained, it was decided that the youth's only chance of recovery lay in a speedy operation. To this he submitted, and to the end fought bravely for life. When the news of his death was spread abroad, a groan of horror went up from all those with whom he had been associated. Sorrow for the loss of the son, the brother, the schoolmate, and the friend; regret for the promising life brought prematurely to a close; wonder at the mysterious ways of Providence: all these emotions were mingled in our bereaved hearts. But we should not hastily assume that the boy's death was premature. We should rather say that a person's death is premature where he leaves this world none the better for his having been in it. In this sense, many a man aged in body dies too soon; dies before he has accomplished anything worth while. But who shall say that Cecil Powers had not already, though but a youth in years, fulfilled the mission for which God



sent him to this earth? Doubtless his Maker saw that he no longer needed the discipline of life in the flesh; and so called him to a wider realm of duty.

So let us cease to mourn for our friend and to presume to wonder that God allowed him to die so young, with all his ardent ambitions unfulfilled. It is far better to rejoice because the Divine Goodness sent this beautiful spirit to live in our midst for a season. Cecil Powers' life was not lived in vain: his work remains; for it consisted in setting a noble example of young manhood at its best.



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Athletics





Athletic Association

Cecil Copeland	President
Herman Schubert	Vice-President
Mildred Cash	Secretary
Theodore Drake	Treasurer
William Irwin	Editor

In September of the school year '15 and '16 the Athletic Association of Park City High School held its first meeting of the year.

Professor Lowry opened the meeting with an encouraging and enthusiastic speech. "Let's make this a high school affair," he said. And before the meeting was adjourned all high school pupils were members of the A. A.

Members of the faculty as well as our worthy officers have taken a great interest in the organization, and have boosted it with all their strength. The council this year was composed of three faculty members, Prof. Sellers, Chairman, Miss Skaggs and Mrs. Freeman, with two student representatives, Mr. Cecil Copeland and Miss Mildred Cash.

The student body, as well as the several teams, have turned out for athletics and have supported the organization.

This has been a successful year and we are looking forward to next year with high hopes.

William Irwin, '18.

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Schedule and Results

Opponents	Boys' Games.	P. C.
Lonsdale High School 13	38
Young High School 12	32
Farragut High School 16	19
East Tennessee State Normal 25	32
County High of Jellico 22	28
County High of Jellico 25	18
City High of Jellico 32	15
Cumberland College 38	34
Cumberland College 31	25
University of Chattanooga (of Athens) 58	24
University of Chattanooga (of Athens) 21	32
Maryville Polytechnic 25	16
Friendsville Academy 25	31

I. B. B. LEAGUE GAMES.

Tennessee D. D. Institute 18	25
K. H. S. 32	20
C. H. S. 15	14
Y. M. C. A. 42	13
K. B. C. 13	32

BOYS' LINE UP.

Copeland, Manager	Forward
Schubert	Forward
Montgomery	Center
Stalsworth	Guard
Biddle, Captain	Guard
Northington	Substitute
Irwin	Substitute
Allie Phillips	Coach



Boys' Team

The boys have had a very successful season and have won the majority of games they have played. Although we have not a championship team this year, we have now the best team Park City has known in five years.

Besides the Captain, Roy Biddle, and the Manager, Cecil Copeland, we have: "Alex," "Bert," "Dump," "Rusty" and "Bill." These seven form a team which plays for the fun of it and the glory of good athletics.

Through the most successful managing of Cecil Copeland the team has been able to take a few lengthy trips into Kentucky and East Tennessee. And we can say that we have come out better financially than ever before.

The team has suffered some defeats and the rooters at times have been disappointed, but notwithstanding this, the boys have done their best for Park City.

Although two or three of our best players graduate, we hope next year to have a championship team. Our slogan will be: "If you can't win, don't lose." Just watch us.

W. C. I., '18.



Schedule

GIRLS' GAMES.

Opponents	P. C
K. I. C. 8	12
Murphy College 16	12
C. H. S. 2	16
Farragut High School 3	32
Harriman High School 11	14
Lonsdale High School 9	29
Maryville Polytechnic 2	17
Y. W. C. A. 8	28
Total—Opponents 59	156

LEAGUE GAMES.

Opponents	P. C.
K. H. S. 3	14
C. H. S. 7	16
Y. H. S. 4	14
Total 14	34

GIRLS' LINE UP.

Miss Ida Day	Coach
Thelma Horne, Manager	Forward
Elizabeth Baker, Captain	Forward
Lily Bell Miller	Center
Jane Sowers	Guard
Opal Smithee	Utility Player





Girls' Team

Champions! That's what we call 'em. Why so? Why, because they have established a record that is to be envied by any other team of its kind in the whole country.

How many games have they won? You talk as if you don't believe me. Listen, now, and I'll tell you something.

At the first of the year, our girls came out with a strong team. Miss Sowers, who went to Central last year, was a valuable addition to the team. Yes, she's a guard. A guard, I said. Then with "Lizzie" and Thelma as forwards and our old stand-by, "Bill," at center, and Mary and Jane as guards, the outlook was more than shiny. We've won eleven out of thirteen games played. No! thirteen is not unlucky for us. It wasn't luck; it was system. S-y-s-t-e-m, and one Miss Ida Day is to be thanked for. Now, do you believe me? Well, I'm glad you do. Just watch us next year.

W. C. L., '18.



Cubs

This year there were more boys trying for the second team than ever before, so when the second team was picked the boys organized a third team. We called it the "Cubs." They did not organize until late in the season, and played very few games, but showed up well, and will make good material for next year.

Krahenbuehl

Captain

Parkey

Manager

LINE UP.

Parkey	Forward
De Ford	Forward
Williams	Forward
Dukes	Center
Krahenbuehl	Guard
Black	Guard
Petty	Guard
Peters	Coach

W. A. P., '18.

16
KALENDAR



16 KALENDAR



Cheer Leader Carroll Holmes
Members The Whole Shootin'-match

At the beginning of the basket ball season this year, the high school evinced more school spirit than has ever before been shown. Consequently the school felt the need of some one to lead them in systematic rooting and Carroll Holmes was unanimously elected.

But the cheer leader didn't lead all by himself. Oh, no! All he had to do was to wave his hands and say 1-2, 1-2, and the loudest racket that ever shook the rafters of this old building would ensue.

At the Y. M. C. A. so many Park City rooters showed up that it scared the other schools and they arrived more abundantly at the next games.

As for the game with Central, the European war would have sounded like the sighing of the pines, and, consequently, the opponent whom we most feared beat us by one point, the score being 14 to 15.

On the next page are some of the yells we used with great success.



Yells

Boom-tra-li! Boom-tra-li!
V-I-C-T-O-R-Y!
Are we in it? Well, I guess!
Park City High School, Yes! Yes! Yes!

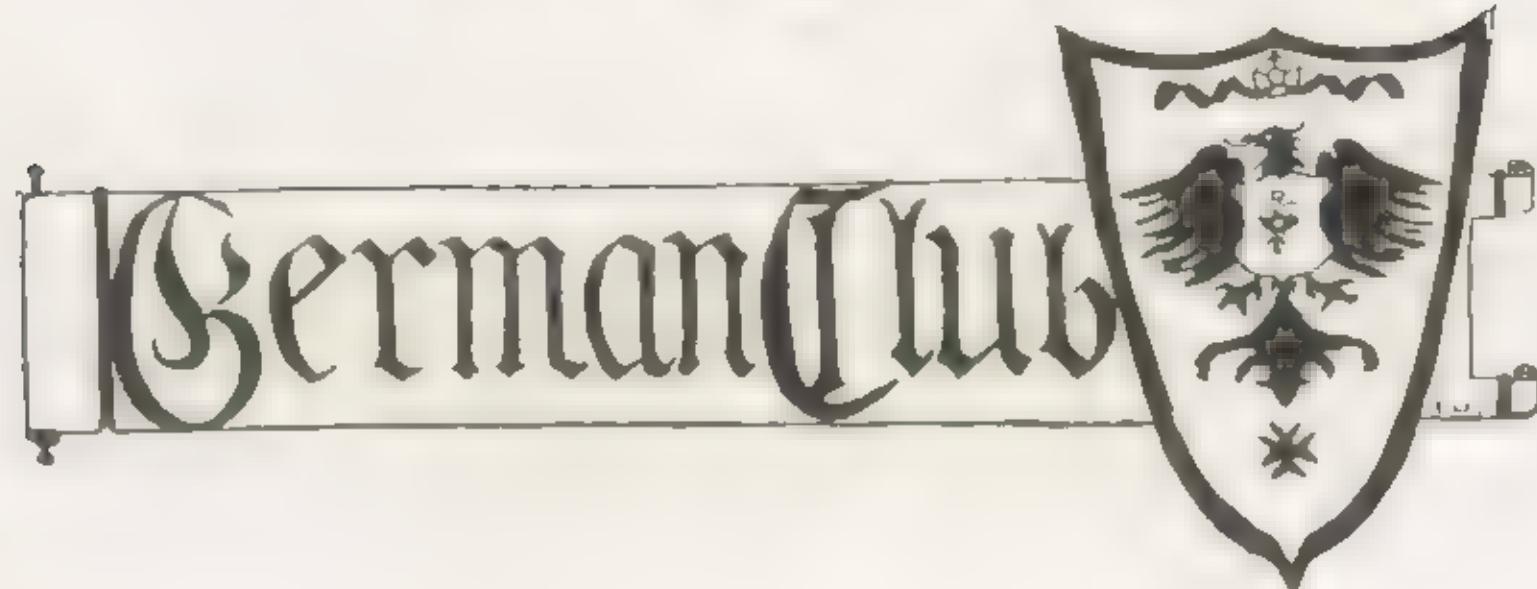
Sick-a-ta-boom—Rah! Rah!
Sick-a-ta-boom—Rah! Rah!
Hoorah! Hoorah! Park City! Rah! Rah!
(Repeat)

Holy Smoke! Holy Smoke!
Opponent! Opponent! They're a joke!
Easy Stuff! Easy Stuff!
Opponent! Opponent! They're a bluff!

Flabagaster! Flabagaster!
Faster, Faster, Faster, Faster!
Team, Team, Team! Don't you dream, dream, dream!
But faster, faster, faster, faster, faster, faster!

Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! Ho!
Go Park City! Go! Go! Go!
He! He! He! He! He! He! Ho!
Go Park City! Go! Go! Go!

Carroll Holmes, '16.



Der Präsident . . .
Der Vizepräsident
Der Geheimschreiber
Der Schatzmeister . . .
Der Herausgeber

Herr Schubert
Fräulein Horne
Fräulein Cantrell
Herr Galyon
Fräulein Murray

DAS PROGRAMM AUSSCHUSS

Fräulein Licht	Fräulein Baker
	Fräulein Davis
Die Farbe	Schwarz, Weiss und Rot
Blume . . . ,	Die Kornblume
Der Wahlspruch:	"Deutschland besser zu Kennen"

DIE ROLLE.

Fräulein E. Baker	Herr Galyon
Fräulein R. Baker	Fräulein Harrison
Herr Brooks	Herr Holmes
Herr Brumbaek	Fräulein Horne
Fraulein Bunch	Herr Jett
Fraulein Cantrell	Herr Krahenbuehl
Fräulein Cash	Fräulein Licht
Herr Chandler	Herr Licht
Fraulein Collette	Fraulein Mallicoat
Fraulein Denton	Fraulein Mellen
Fräulein Davis	Fraulein Miller
Herr Drake	Fraulein Murray
Herr Dukes	Fraulein Rhyne

Herr Schubert

'16 KALENDAR



The German Club was organized on the nineteenth of October, and is one of the most active clubs in school. It meets regularly once each month. Interesting programs including recitations, vocal solos, and instrumental selections, have been rendered by members of the club and friends. Four operas, *Die Meistersinger*, *Tannhäuser*, *Rheingold*, and *Die Walküre*, have been studied.

Estelle Murray, '16.

Silence may be golden, but it often causes a zero.

KALENDAR





Nomen	C. C. V. C.
Flos	Purpureus Hyacinthus
Pigmentum	Regalis Purpurea et Aurum
Praeceptum	Fortiter, fedeliter, feliciter

Mattie Trotter	President
Theodore Drake	Vice-President
Olive Watson	Secretary
Fred Chandler	Treasurer
William Irwin	Editor

The Caesar, Cicero, Virgil Club was organized three years ago, for the purpose of creating more interest in the study of Latin.

This year our purpose was to study Roman life and customs along with the classic myths referred to in Cicero's orations and Virgil's Aeneid.

Mary Sue Nanney
Elinor Thielen
Hattie Potts
Katie Blaine
Nell Hunter
Emma Lyons
Mamie Scarlett
Whitney McLeroy

Nina Bull
Lena Carson
Mary Monday
Wayne Parkey
Helen Riley
Anna Lee Roberts
Louise Galyon
Marjorie Wood

Donald DeFord
Elizabeth Burkley
Isabell Cook
Geneva Denton
Miss Duncan
Miss Mallieoat

H. R., '16.

'16 KALENDAR

First Aid?



Captain	Fred Chandler
Assistant Captain	Hale Thomas
Secretary and Treasurer	Thelma Horne
Editor	Janie Davis

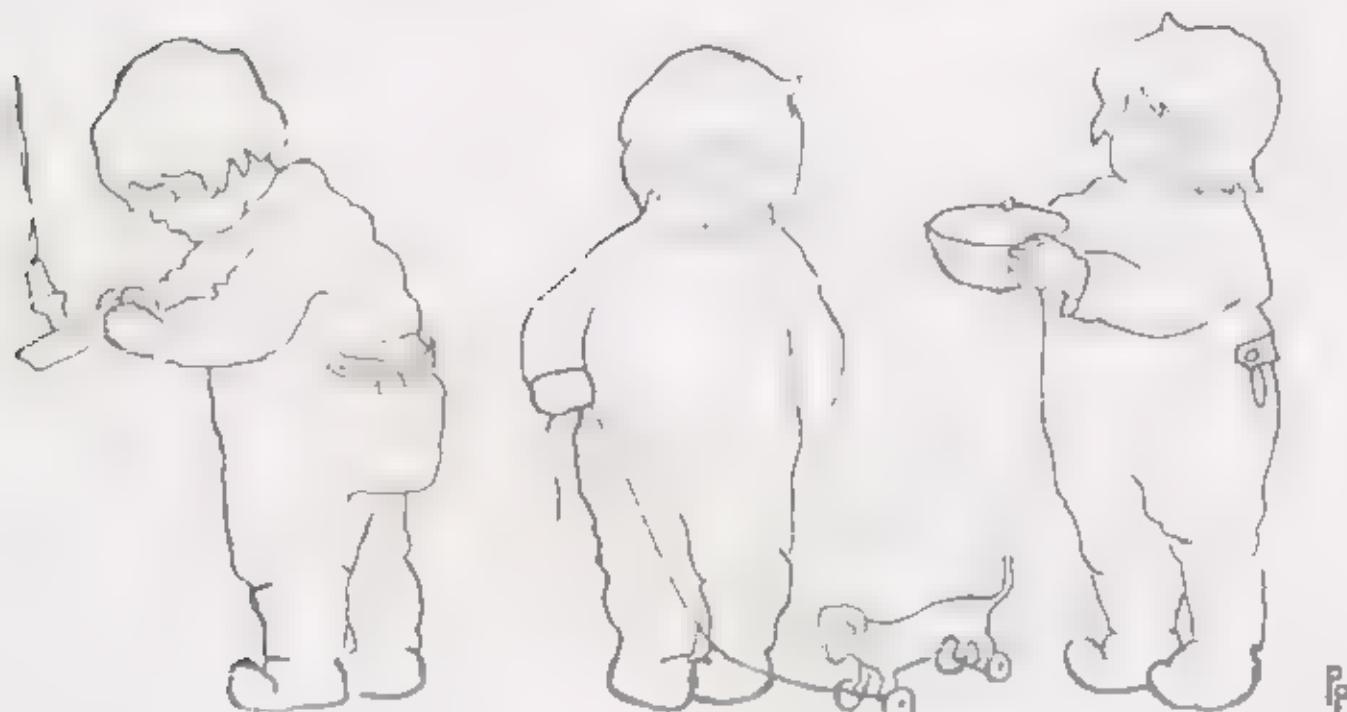
Colors: Red and White. Symbol: Red Cross.

Aim: To render first aid to the injured.

In January while a photograph was being taken of the entire school, the steps on the east of the building collapsed, taking down with them many pupils. Thirteen suffered injuries, some quite painful, but none were seriously hurt. The Boy Scouts took charge of the injured and with the aid of some pupils and teachers each was carefully cared for. This accident opened our eyes to our great need for a well-informed first aid squad of boys and girls of this school. It was found that girls were needed in many cases.

On March the first a first aid squad was organized and we are now taking a first aid course. We have twenty members enrolled. In several instances the squad has been able to render valuable assistance to injured pupils.

Janie Davis, '16.



Triple Triplets Trio

Flower											Three-leaf Clover
Colors											Pale greenish yellow red
Motto											Third time is a charm
Object											(To have a good time)*
FIRST TRIO											
	{	Prudence Riley									President
		Patricia Trotter									Secretary
		Priscilla Murray									Treasurer
SECOND TRIO											
	{	Arizony Miller									President
		Alviny McSpadden									Secretary
		Alziny Cantrell									Treasurer
THIRD TRIO											
	{	Faith Light									President
		Hope Watson									Secretary
		Charity Nanney									Treasurer

When the nine girls of one division of the Senior Class noticed that there were three girls of a size among them, they decided to organize as Triple Triplets. As a result, here we are.

M. T., '16.

Care to our coffin adds a nail no doubt;
And every grin, so merry, draws one out.

—John Wolcott.

KALENDAR





M. S. B. S.

Frank Brumbaek

Herman Schubert

Carroll Holmes

Theodore Drake

Colors (Two Sets) Crimson and Gray; Green and Gold

Motto True to our word

This club was organized in our Freshman year and in the oath every member swore to not reveal any of its secrets until the Senior year. This club has been so secret that no person knew it existed, except the members, until this year. They also pledged themselves to graduate in the only year of the twentieth century, '16.

This club has been active in school. One of its members was Business Manager of the Kalendar in his Freshman year and is President of the Senior class now. Another is Business Manager of this Kalendar. Another has been on the first team since 1914 and has been vice-president of the Athletic Association for two years. The other has had a hand in everything since school started and at present is holding down the Treasurer's office of the Athletic Association and will give an oration at commencement. We all expect to enter the University in the fall and make a success at the Hill and also in after life.

Notice: Any person who can reveal the name of this club will be awarded a five-dollar gold piece. If the name is not revealed by any person it will never be known. By careful reading of the above you will not find it very difficult to interpret the name. It is plainly revealed in the writing.



Glee Club

Motto and By-word "It's a Long Way to Tipperary"

OFFICERS.

President	William Irwin
Vice-President	Frank Brumback
Secretary	Fred Chandler
Treasurer	Theodore Drake
Editor	Dewey Peters

GLEE CLUB.

This is the second year of the organization of our club. We returned last fall full of enthusiasm from the grand success which our club attained last spring. However, we deeply felt the loss of our leading singer, Cecil Powers.

Mr. McLemore presented the club with twelve copies of songs for male voices, which we appreciated very much indeed.

The club has rendered several selections to appreciative audiences. We intend to reorganize this club each year.

F. Chandler, '17.

16 KALENDAR

Officers Parent-Teachers Association



Mrs. Grey

Mrs. Geo. Brown

Mrs. Gates

Mrs. A. F. Cash

Mrs. Wm. Biddle



Alumni Association

W. H. Peters, Jr., '14	President
Rhonda Sensabaugh, '11	Vice-President
Jessie Brooks, '14	Secretary
Clarence Watson, '15	Treasurer

"Write something for the 'Kalendar'!" How absurd to ask me to do a thing like that! But, to make sure I will *not* be asked again, I will indeed write one this time.

In September, 1909, (quite formal, isn't it?) seven beautiful (?) young ladies who composed the class of '09, organized an Alumni Association. The association soon afterwards changed to an Alumni Association; and ever since that eventful date, we have gradually added to our number, year after year, until we now have sixty-seven members.

Through the bewitching idiosyncrasies of our lady members, we have added to our number nineteen husbands, while our gentlemen members have presented us with only two wives. We have also had the pleasure of enrolling eleven Alumni babies, some of which will soon enter the school. These, together with our two adopted members, makes a total of one hundred and one persons, whom we hope to have at the Alumni banquet this year.

From September until June, the Association holds a regular meeting, the last Monday evening of each month. Those who attend will vouch for me that we have "some times" at these meetings. We, being a very business-like association, spend the first part of the evening in transacting business. The latter part is spent in visiting with one another, being entertained by our host or hostess, and partaking of many good "eats."

Our first meeting this year was held in the "Reception" Hall of the school house, where the above named officers were elected. The October meeting was held with Miss Young, which proved to be very



delightful. The November meeting was held in the open, around a camp fire. A delightful luncheon, consisting of weinerwursts, (frankfurters), rolls and marshmallows, was served around the fire. The next day Herr Elmore informed me that he dreamed of "dogs" all night. This shows that the hungry Seniors of '16 will be able to get the greatest sufficiency at all our meetings. December, being a very busy month, we dispensed with that meeting, but made up for it at the January meeting. Though there was a constant downpour of rain the whole day, seven faithful members braved the storm, and were present. We took charge of the school dining room this time, and after transacting the business, started the Victrola and enjoyed the immense space of the dining room. When Mr. Peters entertains, everybody comes, so the February meeting was well attended. We always feel sure of a royal entertainment when we meet with our President, and no one was in any wise disappointed. March is a month of wind and storm, and our March meeting was in keeping with the month. We met with Miss Kleber Miller. "May Festival!" "Alumni Banquet!" were the sole topics of discussion.

I am sure if the Seniors of '16 realize what is in store for them, they will be more than anxious to become members of our Alumni Association. We extend to them, and to all future classes of P. C. H. S. a very hearty welcome.

W. H. Eekel, '14.





Red Headed Club

President	Cecil Copeland
Vice President	Marjorie Wood
Secretary and Treasurer	James Comfort
Editor	Miss Mellwaine
Colors	Red and Green
Pass Word	Blazes
Weapon	Tongue
Song	"Wearing of the Green" (and Red)
Patron Saint	David

Warning: "Salute no red-haired man nearer than thirty feet off, and even so, hold three stones in thy fist wherewith to defend thyself."

IN MEMORIAM

Julius Cesar
Robert Bruce
Queen Elizabeth
Helen of Troy
Dido

Sehiller

Cleopatra
Alexander the Great
Thos. Jefferson
Swinburne
Jno. Bunyan



Gamma Sigma Literary Society

Theodore Drake	President
Cecil Copeland	Vice-President
Carroll Holmes	Secretary
William Irwin	Treasurer
Dewey Peters	Editor
Frank Brumback	Sergeant-at-Arms

The Gamma Sigma held its first meeting November 9, 1915. This was a business meeting.

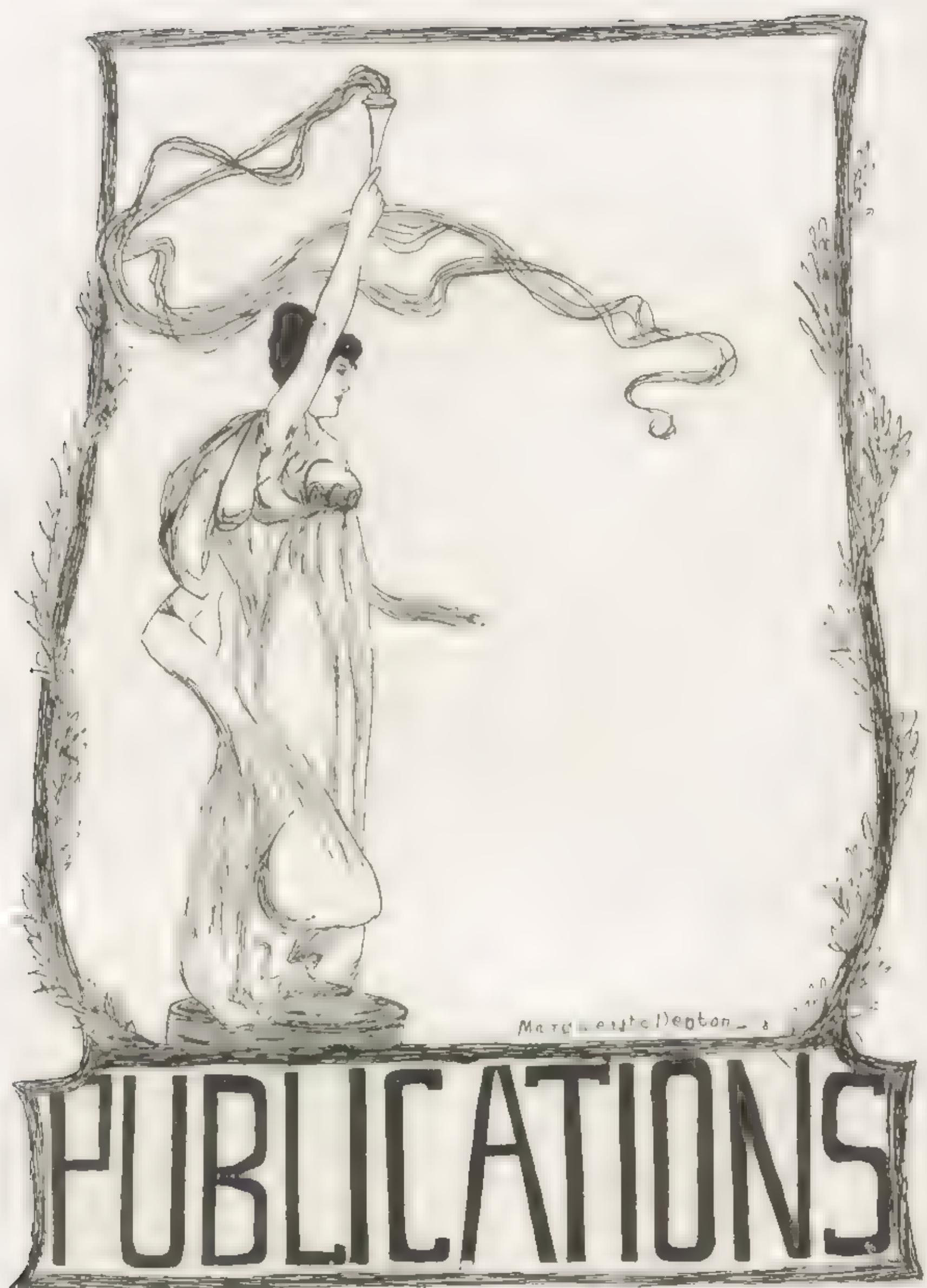
At this meeting the above officers were elected. It was decided to retain the same name for the society, Gamma Sigma.

The Gamma Sigma has held regular meetings bi-monthly. Interesting debates followed the business session.

An open meeting was held March 31, 1916. The feature of the evening was a mock trial. Some important characters in the trial were: Judge Dukes, Lawyer for offense Drake, Lawyer for defense Peters, Constable Parkey.

MEMBERS.

Every wide-awake boy in High School.



March 1st, 1880 - 8

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KALENDAR



OLIVE WATSON

Editor-in-Chief

CARROLL HOLMES

Business Manager



'16
KALENDAR



HELEN RILEY
Art Editor



WILLIAM IRWIN
Athletic Editor

'16
KALENDAR



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1916 KALENDAR



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Mildred Cash	Junior Class
Whitney McElroy	Sophomore Class
James Comfort	Freshman Class
Sam Hodges	First B.



Editor's Corner

The Kalendar, our annual, is the mouthpiece through which we let the world know of our activities as students of the Park City High School.

We, the editors, chosen by the students, have endeavored to give to you, as well as the limited space of the volume will permit, an idea of the school routine, sports and social activities.

We wish to call your attention for a moment to the splendid equipments that were furnished us for our work this past year. New class rooms have been built and comfortably furnished, a chemistry and physics laboratory with new desks and sufficient apparatus has been provided. Our already splendid library has received a valuable addition. A splendid new lunch room has been built and equipped.

These extensive improvements are mainly the results of Superintendent J. R. Lowry's untiring efforts. He has endeavored to give to Park City pupils the best possible school advantages and we all wish to express our sincere appreciation for his success in this great undertaking.

All the pupils of the school belong to the Athletic Association. School spirit at P. C. H. S. seemed to suddenly take new life at the beginning of the basket ball season. All the league games were well attended.

The usual club spirit manifested itself in the reorganization of many of the old societies and some new ones came into being. The pupils have evinced an enthusiastic interest in these organizations which have offered opportunity for development along many different lines.

This is the eighth volume of the Kalendar, and it is hoped that it will prove to be the best that has ever been issued. The question of its success is one for you to decide.

Before laying down our pen we wish to express our most sincere thanks to the Faculty and to friends, who by their co-operation, have helped with the work of this volume of the Kalendar.

16 KALENDAR



Odds and Ends



Wanted to Know

How to run Athletics without any money.—The Council.
How Professor Sellers teaches the first math. class anything.
If Miss McIlwaine ever gets provoked.
Why Oscar K. is so short.
How to sneak into the library.—Fish.
What delayed the Seniors the day they visited the gas plant.—
Mrs. Comfort.
Why Eugene Wright is so freshy a Freshman.
How to grow curls like Marjorie's.
If Bert still goes with Sue Oma.
If Carroll will grow any more.
Why Alex is always wanting his mama.
If Fred's mouth grew with the corners turned up.
If Bill Miller was ever silent through a math. class.
Where Miss LeNoir procured the dimple in her chin.
How much material it takes to make a flag.—Juniors.

KALENDAR



Freshman Class, '13, Seniors now



Dictionary

Athlete—A dignified bunch of muscles, unable to split wood or sift the ashes.

Bone—One dollar, the original price of a wife. Note: Adam, who had to give up one bone before he got Eve.

Bonnets—A female head trouble, which is contracted the latter part of Lent and breaks out on Easter.

Dance—A brisk, physical exercise, invented by St. Vitus

Diplomat—An international liar, with an elastic conscience and a rubber neck.

Earth—A solid substance much desired by the seasick.

Echo—The only thing that can cheat a woman out of the last word.

Engagement—In war, a battle. In love, the salubrious calm that precedes the real hostilities.

Firmness—That admirable quality in ourselves that is detestable stubbornness in others.

Hedge—A fence.

Hedge-hog—One who hogs the fence; a Bill Poster.

Hug—A roundabout way of expressing affection.

Keyhole—A frequent test for sobriety.

Miracle—A woman who won't talk.

Non-Conductor—The motorman.

Pants—Trousers' country cousins.

Reputation—A personal possession, frequently not discovered until lost.



Accidents

Theodore made 90 on his Latin test.

Professor Sellers got all his grades correct on his report cards.

Carroll Holmes got his feet out of the aisle so no one stumbled over them.

Some one stuck a pin in Dewey Wylie's balloon which was blown up with chlorine gas.

Frank's eyelash slipped down on his upper lip, making a mustache.

Carol McCall remained in class for a whole period.

Pinkey Wight let a whole day slip by without telling how cold it is in New York.

Fred Chandler got his feelings hurt and could not use the first aid kit.

Gertrude Licht learned to regulate the Bunsen flame without burning up *all* her hair.

The Juniors got some of their flag in the scrap.



Her First Attempt

She measured out the butter with a very solemn air;
The milk and sugar, also, and she took the greatest care
To count the eggs correctly and to add a little bit
Of baking powder, which you know, beginners oft omit.
Then she stirred it all together and baked it full an hour;
But she never quite forgave herself for leaving out the flour.

(With all due respect to our Domestic Science girls).

F—ieree lessons.

L—ate hours.

U—nexpected company.

N—ot prepared.

K—nocked out.

— — — — —

"Beware of little expenses like class dues."





Reputations

Best basket ball player, boy Roy Biddle
Red and Bert had many supporters, but Biddle won out. Biddle received 53 votes, Red 36.

Best basket ball player, girl Thelma Horne
Lizzie ran Sitter a close race, but turn about is fair play, and we were all satisfied.

Most appropriate nickname "Bean Pole"
"Bean Pole" received 80 votes. No one else had a chance at it.

Most popular girl Mildred Cash
Mildred's former reputation stood her in good stead. There were several candidates, however. Olive took second place.

Biggest bluffer Frank Haines
As has been predicted, Frank is now considered "our bluffer." He received 28 votes. Helen Riley came second with 23 votes.

Most handsome boy Frank Brumback
A well run and friendly race. Most of the feminine variety were equally divided between Frank and Walter Taylor. Frank won by 7 votes. Biddle was prominently mentioned.

Most sunny tempered pupil Mattie Trotter
Mattie, 15; Olive, 13.

Life-size fashion plate Helen Riley
Marion Ryno came second with 10 votes less than Helen.

Most efficient prospective teacher Mattie Trotter
Nearly all were agreed on this.

Biggest Sport William Irwin
Loads of candidates; even Louise Tate was mentioned.

Some Rooter Carroll Holmes
Pinkey Wight won second. Every one thinks he would make an excellent cheer leader next year.



Best cook Louise Tate
Nearly all the Domestic Science girls were nominated. Louise won by a close margin. Clarice Ayres finished second.

Eternal question mark John McReynolds
There was no show for anyone else in this race.

Most energetic pupil Mattie Trotter
The race was between Mattie and Olive although a few others were mentioned.

Most constant giggler Fred Chandler
The ballot was overwhelmed with candidates. Fred received 14, Ellen Miller 12.

Cutest girl Whitney McElroy
Whitney won by 7 votes. Sue Ona won second.

Best politician John McReynolds
64 votes were cast for the three candidates, McReynolds, Sellers and Wylie. They received 35, 18, 11, respectively.

Talking machine Fred Chandler
Chandler 20, Holmes 18, White 15.

Most popular boy (tie) Frank Brumback—Roy Biddle
Cecil Copeland pushed them hard. It was not known till the last vote was counted what the result would be. Biddle and Brumback tied at 23. Copeland received 18 votes.

Most dignified pupil Neil Brooks
There were 30 candidates
(For a definition of "reputation," see page 102)





Speakers—Speeches

September 20—Reverend Houston, pastor of Fifth Presbyterian Church, conducted chapel in the High School, after which he gave an excellent talk. His remarks were especially adapted to the needs of high school pupils.

October 13—Mr. Wedding, president of the Y. M. C. A. of this city, favored us with an interesting talk. He told us what the Young Men's Christian Association is doing for men and boys.

October 15—Dr. Risner delivered a short lecture, the essence of an excellent sermon. His words were inspiring.

November 2—G. B. Hodge, International Secretary of the Y. M. C. A., gave us an interesting, beneficial speech.

November 15—Prof. T. R. Smith favored us with a short lecture.

February 18—Rev. R. L. Jones, evangelist, pleased the high school with an excellent talk. He advocated "week day religion."

February 23—S. H. Rose, U. S. agent from the U. S. Bureau of Domestic and Foreign Commerce, gave an instructive lecture.

April 20—Lilly Waller Chatten, reader and entertainer, recited some of her poems for the high school. She spoke to quite an attentive and appreciative audience.

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The Senior motto as it really is: "To live to laugh—to learn to love."

—X—

The four high school years represented by Shakespearian comedies:

Freshman—"Comedy of Errors."

Sophomore—"Much Ado About Nothing."

Junior—"As You Like It."

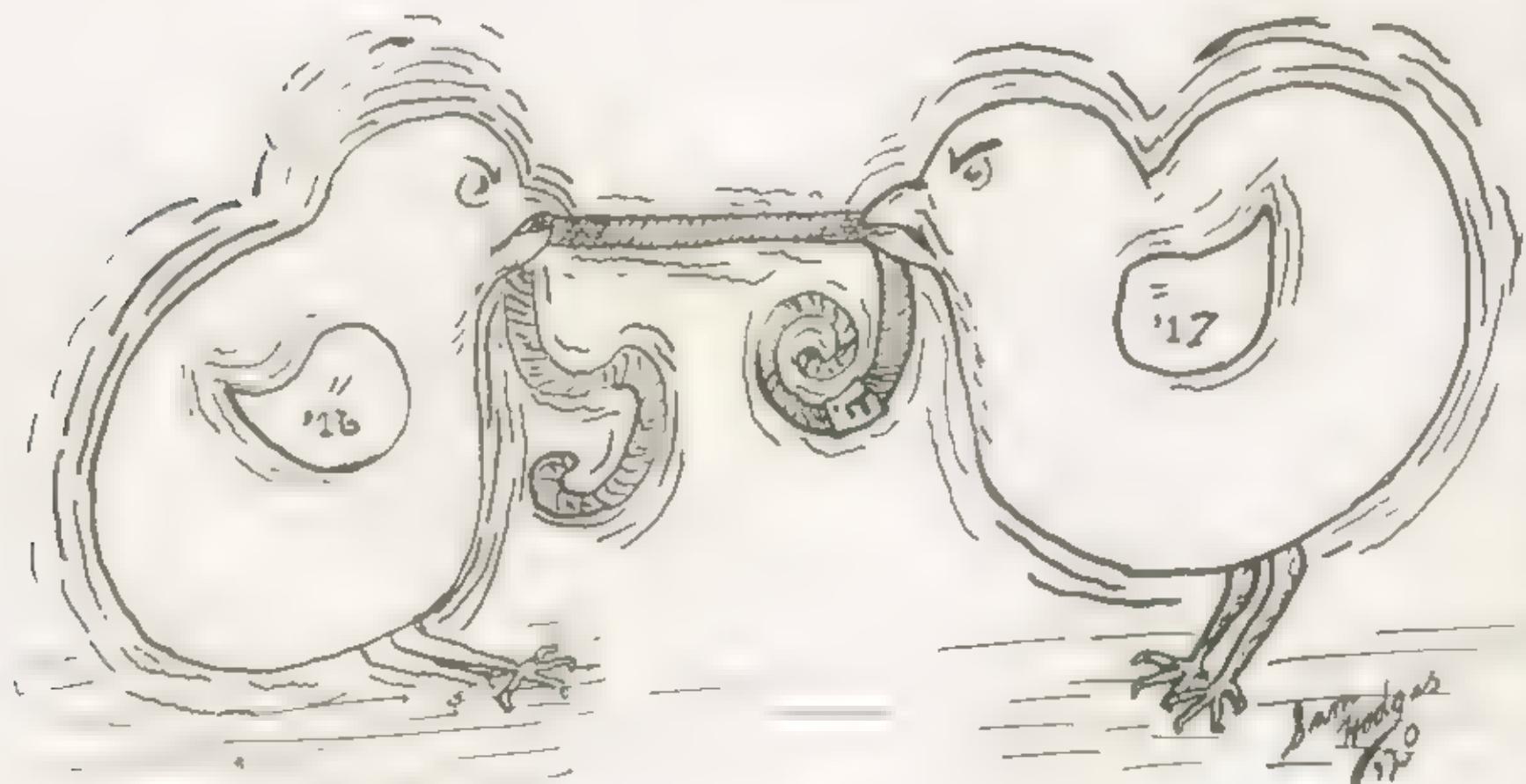
Senior—"All's Well That Ends Well."

—Ex.

—X—

School is conducted in a school-house. A school-house is strictly an educational institution. Education is anything that qualifies us to live better than we are living. Sleep is an education. Sleep rests the body, thus making us more useful when we have awakened. And sleep is the education for which some people go to school.—Ex.

OH YES! There are also signs
of SPRING at P. C. H. S.





Current Expressions

"Pill."

"Don't do that; somebody may think you are a Junior."

"Well, I *speak!*"

"Aw, shut up."

"You bone-head."

"None of your impertinence."

"Excuse me for living, but the graveyard's full."

"I'm wearing black because my brains are dead."

"Get out of here and leave me alone; I'm busy."

"You all pick on me."

"It's unsophisticated."

"Oh, where is my Vernie?"

"That's as cute as a bug's ear."

(In a wee small voice)—"I'm a Freshie."

"U-m-m—I dunn'o."

"I'll holler! I'll holler! Honest I'll holler!"

"Talk and every Senior talks with you; keep silent and you'll be alone."

"Hello, Shug!" (Short for sugar).

H. R., '16.

— X —

A book in the hand is worth two in the library.

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KALENDAR



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"A little foolishness
doth not misbecome a
monarch."

"Variety is the spice
of life."

Mrs. Comfort (at mass meeting)—"Have you anything to say, Mildred?"

Mildred C. (meekly)—"I didn't say a word."

Miss LeNoir—"Carroll, put that pie in your pocket."

Oscar K. (translating German)—"Me? he said thoughtlessly, and let his eyes fall dreamily into hers."

A problem given in Geometry by Professor Sellers—"Why is it difficult for a man with two peg legs to walk?"

Jack N.—"Fess, I know what gravity won't hold on the ground."

Prof. Sellers—"What?"

Jack N.—"A pond."

What is the longest word in the English language?

Answer: Smiles—there is a mile between first and last letters.

"Generally speaking, women are—"

"Yes, they are."

"Are what?"

"Generally speaking."



Freshman—"I smell cabbage burning."

Senior—"You've got your head too close to the stove."

—x—

Mrs. Comfort—"I have more children than I have slips" (of paper)

—x—

Perils of Poetry

He came with a poem and dire intent,
And up the sanctum stairs he went;
Hope and smile on his face were blended
ascended.

II

which

II

manner

II

this is

And

He bearded the editor in his lair,
And began a-reading his poem there;
But the editor stopped him before he ended,

And this is the manner in which he descended.

—Ex.



KALENDAR '16

The chemistry class was preparing Hydrogen Sulphide in the laboratory. The odors which are like unto that of rotten eggs floated into the study hall.

Freshie—"Mrs. Comfort, what is that I smell?"

Mrs. C.—"I don't know. Which way is it coming, from the chemistry lab. or Domestic Science?"

— — —

Miss LeNoir—"Emert, what is a Leyden jar?"

Emert—"It is something Franklin used to kill turkeys with."

X

Cæsar conquered nations,
A mighty man was he;
And in the fourteenth chapter
Cæsar conquered me.

— — —

Embarrassed Freshie to Soph.—"Pass me—have you a—please lend me a pencil, sir."

X

Miss Skaggs (to Carroll in chemistry lab.)—"What are you doing with that rubber tubing in your pocket?"

Theodore D. (at desk opposite)—"And it attached to the water faucet, too!"

— — —

Freshie—"How long must you whip a cow for whipped cream?"

X

Helen Riley—"Look here at my picture! Don't you think I look like I'm getting ready to descend into heaven?"

— — —

This is the maxim of Senior English class—" 'Tis better to have talked and been sent out of the room than never to have talked at all."



16 KALENDAR

Mary Sue (translating Virgil)—“Seven mighty swine are stiff sewed with lead and iron.”

Miss Skaggs (sternly)—“Albert, are you chewing gum?”
A. Cleveland (promptly)—“No, ma’am, not now.”

Theodore reading English fluently—“Where did Shakespeare get his genius? Where did Mozart get his music? Where did Carol get his feet?”

Miss LeNoir—“Frank, I don’t want you to say anything again unless I call on you.”

Frank B.—“I might not say anything then.”

The English class was discussing Israfel. Herman, awakening from a dream and catching the name:

“Israfel? Huh! Isra isn’t the only one; I fell once.”

Theodore Drake—“Aw, boys don’t like pretty things.”
Olive W.—“Some boys like girls.”

Mayme Scarlett—“Oh, Miss LeNoir, I wrote my theme on alcoholism yesterday.”

Donald DeFord—“I wrote mine on the desk.”

Katie Blaine quietly—“Um, I wrote mine on paper.”

Degradation had been defined as “act of going down.”

Miss LeNoir—“Give a sentence using degradation.”

Opal Smithers—“The elevator man shouted, ‘Degradation!’”

Freshie (timidly, to Miss Skaggs)—“Mama, I don’t understand that.”

Why the commotion?



Prof. Sellers—"How far did you carry this example?"

Fred Chandler—"Oh, home and back."

—X—

Sing me to sleep, sing me to sleep,
Out of my Latin book, which is so sweet;
Place my Biology in my hand,
And tell them that I died like a man.

—X—

Frank—"This class owes me some money."

Thelma H.—"Oh, charge it to the dust! the rain will settle it."

—X—

A young lady sat next to a distinguished bishop at a church dinner, according to *Harper's Weekly*. She was rather awed by the bishop's presence. For some time she hesitated to speak to him. Finally, seeing some bananas passed, she turned to him and said:

"I beg pardon, but are you fond of bananas?"

The bishop was slightly deaf, and leaning forward, replied:

"What did you say?"

"I said," replied the young lady, blushing, "are you fond of bananas?"

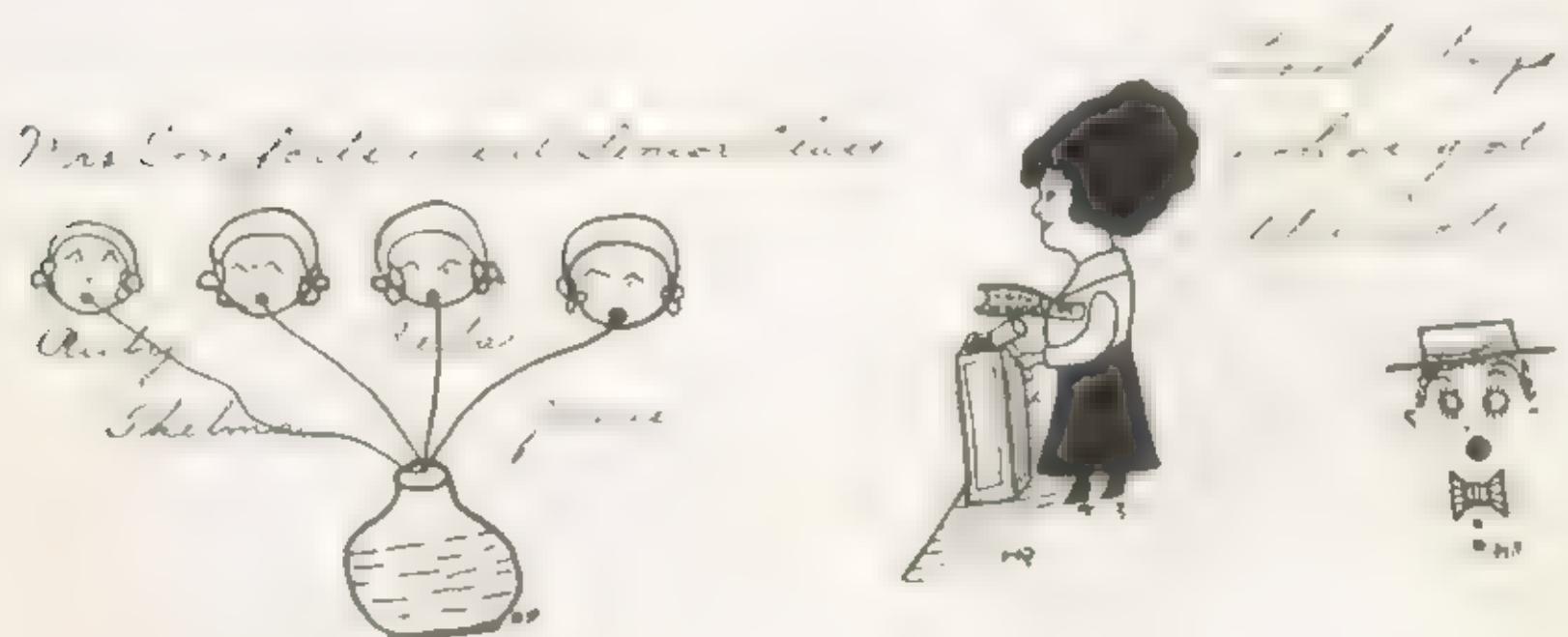
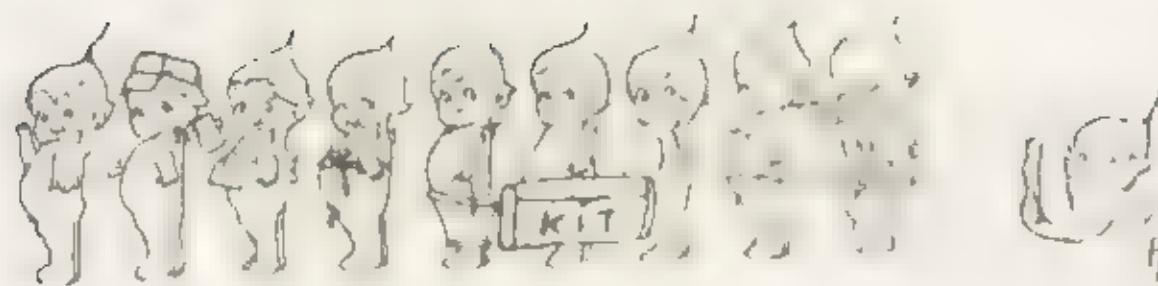
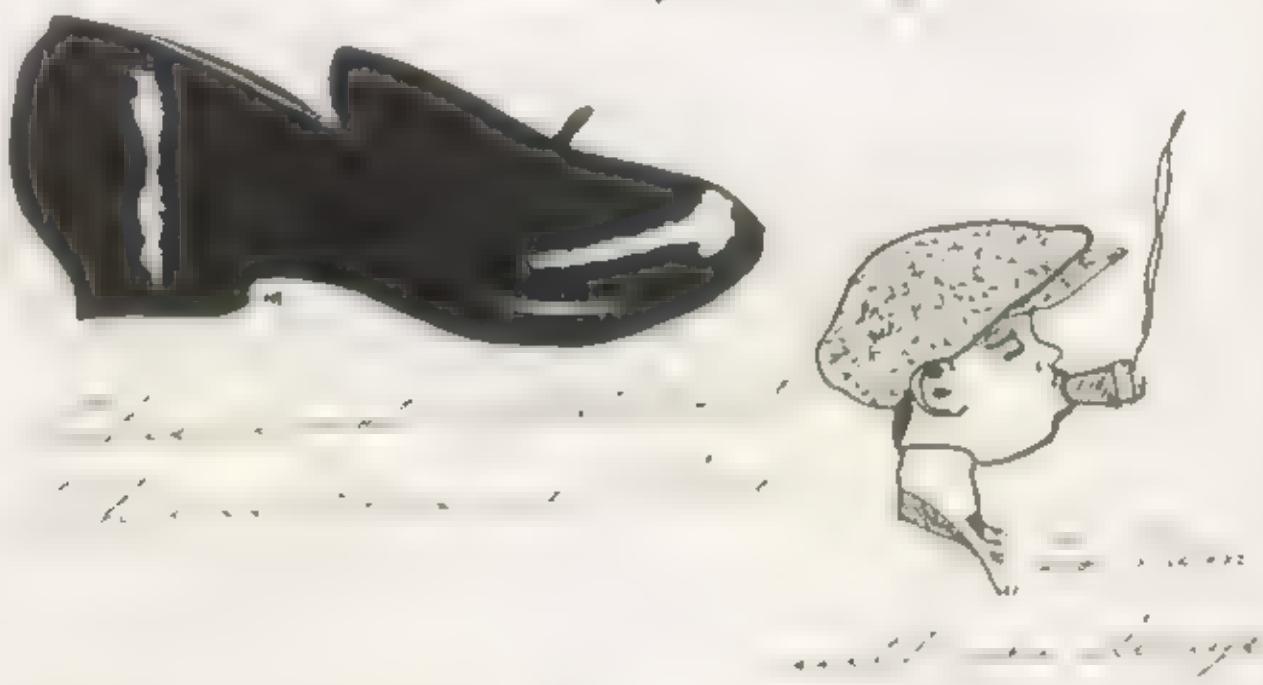
The bishop thought for a moment and then said:

"If you want my honest opinion, I have always preferred the old-fashioned night shirt."—Ex.

—X—

Olive W.—"O Carroll, you are a pill!"

Esther C.—"No, he's a capsule."





Calendar

September 16—School begins.
September 27—Senior Class organizes.
October 6—"Kalendar" officers elected.
October 21—Last year's basket ball teams awarded their "P's."
November 2—Board and Faculty give play, "The School of Long Ago."
November 11—Official announcement that P. C. H. S. was put on the accredited list of Southern colleges.
November 24—Thanksgiving holidays.
November 29—School begins again.
December 15—Flag raising.
December 23—School dismissed for holidays.
January 3—Holidays over.
January 21—Exams begin.
January 31—New term begins.
February 12—Seniors serve dinner and supper over gas office.
March 7—Pictures of the classes taken.
March 15—Celebration of girls' victory in basket ball league.
March 31—'16 appeared on tower.
April 5—Senior flag waves over the school.
April 6—Junior flag waves over the school.
April 7—Old Glory waves over the school.
April 8—Faculty entertains Seniors with a breakfast.
April 12—Kalendar goes to press.
April 17—Seniors present "The Jonah."
May 21—Baccalaureate sermon.
May 25—Commencement exercises.

16 KALENDAR





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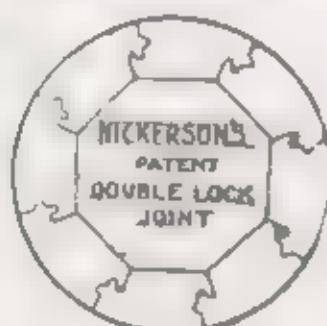
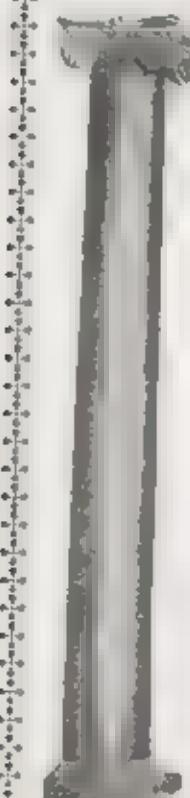
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Knoxville

Mary Sue to Theodore
in Latin class:
"Why honey you don't"

BLUSHES
PAUSE

Theo.—"Miss Duncan
can I go out my nose is
bleeding?"

A. Y. Burrows

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Why do they call Roy
Biddle Colonel?

Because he is the inside
of a nut.

At the Faculty Senior Breakfast

Helen R. Professor Sellers do
you like bananas?

Prof. What's that?

Helen. Do you like bananas?

Prof. Oh, no I prefer the old
fashioned night shirt.

*The Kalendar for
1916*

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"Are you married?" asked the prospective employer.

"Yes, suh, I'se married," replied the applicant, "but mah wife is out of a job. Dat's why Ise got to shif' foh mahself."—Exchange.

To Our Readers

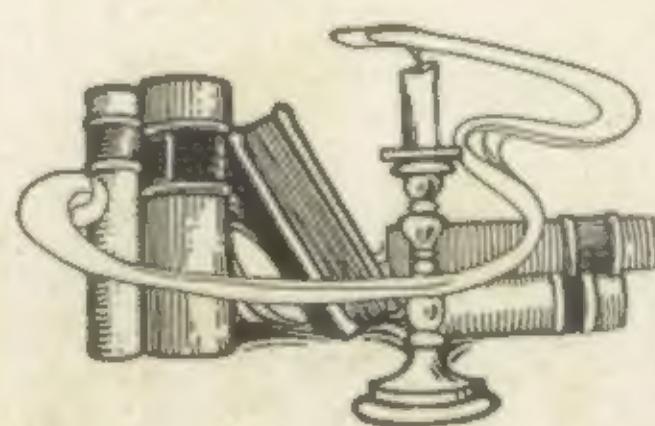
Life has not been one sweet dream in getting ads this year—oh, no!

In fact, it has been worse than finding the proverbial needle in the hay stack.

We have been unable to pay for the Kalendar with the ads, so we had to give plays and get donations, and right royally have the Seniors supported the Business Staff, and so have the rest of the High School.

However, we wish to thank those who have contributed in any way and we wish to thank the advertisers especially. And we urge our readers to be loyal to those who are loyal to us and to

Patronize the Advertisers



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